

American Volunteer.
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BY
W. B. BUTLER,
100 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE.

Professional Cards.
OFFICE OF THE
ATTORNEY AT LAW
W. B. BUTLER,
100 SOUTH MARKET SQUARE,
CARLISLE, PA.

HOOPLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.
HOOPLAND'S GERMAN TONIC
HOOPLAND'S GREEK OIL

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A Bitters without Alcohol or Spirit of any kind.

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QUARLES

BY BRATTON & KENNEDY. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1871. VOL. 57--NO. 44.

Medical.
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Poetical.
MADAME.
BY ALICE CARBY.

It was when the crimson began to shine
In the round of the robin's breast,
That the first of the month had fallen
Came not to dance with the west.

When the splendor shone in the grass,
And the heart of the rose was a-sing,
She sang of love, though the song, alas!
Was only a longed-for.

But, ah! what drifts of gold in the air
Induced when the roses were a-sing,
She took the countess from an alkali
And let it fall to her feet.

And in the snow when the snows grew brown
And a red haze fringed the skies,
She would it face, and would it down
From her beautiful eyes.

And by and by, when the snows were white,
And a shadow sat in the land,
She lay on her bed from midnight till
The morning sun was in the east.

The midnight moon was with stars,
But her heart with dreams was lit;
For she said, "I have come to let me go to his arms,
And to pass away from our sight."

We searched the valley far and wide,
For the girl who had fled from our sight,
And we could not find her in any place,
And we made her grave in the night.

And we took the grave with us to see,
And we made her grave in the night,
And we took the grave with us to see,
And we made her grave in the night.

Was Fate--not Madeline!
We searched the valley far and wide,
For the girl who had fled from our sight,
And we could not find her in any place,

And we made her grave in the night,
And we took the grave with us to see,
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THE DUEL BETWEEN MOORE AND JEFFREY.
The publication of this beautiful piece
brought out in 1861, immediately after the
breaking out of the rebellion; it was
written by the newspapers of the country
as something rare. No avowed author
for the fugitive, some discussion arose
as to its authorship, and five or six persons
in the Northern States laid claim to it.

It was originally published under the
name of "Florence Perry," and was
set to music by eight different com-
posers, and it was sung on thousands
of occasions. It was then that the
poetry was written in South Carolina by
Miss Elizabeth Akers, widow of Paul
Akers, the wealthy planter, and recently
has been unable to establish her claim
to its authorship. Untold sums have
been realized from her "talent," yet
this poor widow, whose verses have and
will please millions, never received a
cent for the composition. Justice
should be done here.

Backward, turn backward, look, in your flight,
Make me a child again, for to-night!
Mother, come back to the seclusion of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my shoulders your loving arms wrap,
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

Backward, turn backward, oh, tide of the years,
Lull me to sleep with thy soft murmurs;
Lull me to sleep with thy soft murmurs;
Lull me to sleep with thy soft murmurs.

Backward, turn backward, oh, tide of the years,
Lull me to sleep with thy soft murmurs;
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Rates for Advertising.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted at Ten Cent
per line for the first insertion, and five cent
per line for each subsequent insertion. Quar-
terly, half-yearly, and yearly advertisements in-
serted at a liberal reduction on the above rates.
Advertisements should be accompanied by the
amount in advance, unless otherwise specified.
The advertiser will be held responsible for the
correctness of the copy.

Odors and Ends.
A DISASTER: none at hand--the Spring
favor.
WEATHER--After April weather in
March, look out for March weather in
April.

Whites in young men's arms like the
Gospel? Well, it makes glad the waste
places.
Suppose a fellow that has not a
marriage gal what has nothing, is her things
and his'n her'n, or his'n and her'n's?

An Indiana girl, when asked, recites
Greek but when asked is utterly igno-
rant of that language. This is an Indiana
couple out for saving the marriage.

A CROOK: the consolation of this
world is about as satisfying as the assur-
ance of the man to his wife when she
says, "I'll be true to you as long as I
ground at the bottom, my dear."

None but the brave deserve the fair,
as the rough said when he collected the
conductor and declined payment.
Poets engaged at the mint ought to
be for the simple reason that they
know how to "make money."

It is said that the Chinese know how
to steal five hundred years before the
fabled party was born.
A FUGITIVE man, who has been ar-
rested for shooting his wife, has been
found that he mistook her for a wild
turkey.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat.
"Bedad, no; if it's nothing you want,
you'll find it in the jug where the whiskey
was."

MOTHER, don't you wish you had
the root of evil in your garden?
"Why, Josh, you sap-rot, what do you
mean?"
"As money's the root of all evil, if we
had the tree couldn't we get all the pre-
cious things?"

A TEACHER of vocal music asked an
old lady if her grandson had any ear for
music. "What said the old woman, 'I
couldn't say, but I don't think he has
the ear for it, for he's deaf as the
goat and as dumb as the ass.'"

A DEVOTED Radical who wanted Grant
to be as much like the Father of his
country as possible, prayed that the man-
ner of Washington's might fall on him.

A PRISONER, Illinois, saloon keeper
has a temperance pledge behind the bar,
and he tells his best to induce head beats
and throats to sign it.
A WAR, observing on the door of a
house the names of two physicians, re-
marked that it put him in mind of a
certain lady in New York, who was
the other woman to sign it.

A BARBER, left in charge of a telegraph
office at New Orleans, while the opera-
tor absent, heard some one call
over the wires, "What's the matter with
the instrument?" "Operator isn't yer,"
the barber answered.

JOHN STERNER & BRO.,
LIVERY AND SALE STABLE,
BETWEEN HANOVER AND DEPOSIT STS.,
IN THE REAR OF BENTZ HOUSE,
CARLISLE, PA.

Chas. M. Evans,
Proprietor.

ADAMS DEPARTMENT--There must have
been some mistake in the examination
of the papers of the defendant, who was
found guilty of murder and sentenced to
death. The judge told them they could
not have a man in a jail, and he was
sent to the penitentiary.

JOHN BILLY says: "The live man in
like a little pig, he is wadded up and
begins to root early. He is the peep-
er of the crowd, the peep-er of the world.
One live man in a village is like a
pig in a district school--he sets every-
body to rooting at once."

WHILE the Republicans in Congress
are disunited and fighting among them-
selves, the Democratic members act as a
unit, and present a solid front.